THE

Anti-WEESILS.

A

POEM.

GIVING

An Account of ſome Hiſtorical and Argumental Paſſages happening in the LYON's Court.

Mark thoſe who dote on Arbitrary *Power,*
And you ſhall find 'em either hot-brain'd Youth,
Or needy Bankrupts *ſervile in their greatneſs,*
And Slaves to ſome to Lord it o're the reſt.
Vid. Mr. *Dryden's* Spaniſh Fryer.

LONDON,
Printed, and are to be Sold by *Randal Taylor*, near *Stationers-Hall.* 1691.

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THE

Anti-VERSILS.

A

POEM.

GIVING

An Account of some Historical and Argumental Passages happening in the LYONS Court.

27...179

Mark this a to date or Arbitrary Power,
And you shall find 'em either lo-bound Young,
Or needy Bankrupts, or in debt grown,
And Slaves to pine to Lord it o'er the rest.
Vid. Mr. Dryden's Spanish Fryer.

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THE PREFACE.

ON reading the famed piece of Banter (for I can't call it a Poem) lately published against the Reverend Doctor, I had perhaps different thoughts from most others on that Subject, and do still believe that 'twill conduce more to his Honour than Disgrace with any thinking Men; both because it shows his Enemies Arguments are all spent, and their Ammunition done, when they come to charge him with such Pot-gun weapons, and that they find 'tis impossible fairly to answer what he asserts, because they take the easier way of ridiculing it; that way which has been most blasphemously used against the best of Books, and best of Beings; and which, without the Fatigue of thinking, tickles a man out of an argument: for 'tis easie to imagine, if we once cou'd dress up even an Apostle in a Fools Coat, none would either believe or mind a word he says. 'Tis also an honour to the Doctor, that he has Persons of such Religion and Morals, as this appears to be, for his Antagonists, who in the very fourth line laughs at Christians expecting the

Re-

Resurrection; *who gives* Preaching *no better a Title than* Bubbling Fools, *and would perswade us that Religion is good for nothing but to* make the World Block-heads, *though he being one of the more refined and wise ones, it seems has the happiness to* see through the Millstone, *though others can't.*

Indeed, I can't imagine how any English-man *can with patience read himself there called a* Free-born Brute, *or be pleased with the many palpable Reflections on the present* Government; *to have the* taking the Oaths *call'd no better a name than* Perjury, *and to be told that 'twas only a* politick Faction *drove out the late King* James; *who, poor Prince was betrayed by his own Subjects* —— *thô I fancy those Honourable, and Noble, not to add* Royal *persons, who left his Party, when they must either have left that or their Religion, won't think themselves much oblig'd to him for the Name of* Traytors. *Just as handsome is his Insinuation, that those who yet* stand out, *do it for* Conscience; *those who come in, only for* Pay; *full as civil as his calling the Doctor a* wavering Brute, *for his horrid Apostacy from King* James.

Let him after this pretend as long as he please, as he does in his Preface *at the wrong end of his Book,* (*that it might be all surprizing,*) *that he has a* Veneration for the Church of *England*; *I suppose* Dodwells *Church, or the late Bishop of* Chester's; *whereas we must have more Faith than the Author has, and full as little* knowledge, *to believe he is* a Church of England *Man, who is not so much as a* Christian; *of which Character, its notoriously*

known

known are many of King James's *few Friends; that* many who see what Blockheads Religion has made e'm *in this Authors phrase, and who are* better known *than they suspect: Who have just as much* Veneration *for* Almighty God, *as this Gentleman for the present* Monarchical Government of England, *which here he pretends to flatter, though he dares not mention* Their Gracious Majesties, *for fear, in his own phrase,* lest the late Lyon should return. *And for the same Reason, since I find him very cautious and reserv'd, I'll not ask the Gentleman what he means by those* admirable, thô plain Principles of the Church of England, *which some Men,* byas'd by Interest, *wink at or forget.*

For the Poem *it self, I have nothing to say to't, being such a natur'd thing as will bear* nothing.—*Who can answer the loud* Laughter *of a Fool? or the unlucky* Grin *of that Creature that looks so like a* Man? *Full as wisely would any one pretend to ridicule an* Antick, *or outmock a* Scaramouch, *all whose Wit lies in* Impudence *and* Grimmace; *in whose Company let's now let him alone to enjoy his* sweet self *as long as he pleases, though we possibly may meet him agen before we part, and only observe this of the* dress *of his Poem, (for he shall still think the* Arguments *on't unanswerable,) that it lies obnoxious to all the Objections the ingenious Mr.* Montague *has made against the* Hind *and* Panther; *that he shifts Scenes unsufferably, and makes his* Weesils *excellently well acquainted with* Divinity, Politicks, *or what else he pleases; and*

yet

yet in the very next moment sets 'em a nibbling upon their old Cheese *and* Bacon.

I shall say yet less of my own Poem, whereof 'twill be enough to tell the Reader, that I have endeavour'd to avoid this fault in it which I blame in the Weesils, *though thereby 'tis plain I lose a great advantage, that 'tis a* hasty thought *of a few hours Writing; and that (if he 'll please to believe me) he can't think much more meanly on't, than I do my Self.* Farewell.

THE

The Anti-WEESILS.

A POEM.

HAppy those peaceful *Lands*, thrice happy they
Propitious Heaven has freed from *Beasts of Prey!*
Where the rich *fleecy Houſholds* ſafely go,
And graze all day, fearleſs of any Foe,
Nor ſpoted *Pard*, nor nimble *Tygar* know.
Pan guards their Folds, by no fell Wolf diſtreſt,
Both Sheep and Shepherd lay them down to reſt.
Not ſo of old rich *Albion*'s fertile Soyl,
E're juſt ſeverity had purg'd the Iſle;
A *Waſt* there was, its Arms out-ſtretching wide,
Ardenna call'd, by Royal *Severn*'s ſide;
Where, in deep diſmal *Groves*, untrod by Men,
Coucht the *Wild Beaſts* in many a gloomy Den;
The *Kingly Lyon* Lord and *Sovereign* there,
The Fox, the Pard, the Tygar and the Bear.
All in the midſt of the moſt ſecret ſhade,
Cloſe in an unfrequented gloomy *glade*,
The *Sovereign* kept his *Court*, but *late* his own,
His *dying Brother* newly left the Throne,
(*Fairly or not, to Jove is only known.*)
From *Caledonian* Woods their Lineage came,
Proud of their Anceſtors long purchas'd Fame:
Two Ages paſt to *warmer* Worlds they run,
And bask in *Southern Brittains* kinder Sun.
Where the *Wild Nations* them their Lords confeſs,
New robb'd by Fate of their *lov'd Lyoneſs*:
E're ſince they held our *Forreſts* wide command,
Now with a fix'd, now with a trembling Hand:
Sometimes wou'd on their *Free-born Subjects* fall,
Graſping too *much* they'd venture loſing *all*.
This coſt a Life, the *beſt of all their Blood*,
Torn by the furious *Rabble* of the Wood:

Two of whoſe hapleſs *Race* their Countrey chang'd,
And long, far off, in *Forreign Deſarts* rang'd,
'Till pittying *Jove*, when all their hope was paſt,
To their own Realms reſtor'd 'em both at laſt;
Where in *ſoft Joys* they quickly drown'd their Pain,
And little leſs than ſhare an *equal* Reign:
But *Prodigies* can never long remain:
Two Suns are one too many for the Skyes,
And *that* muſt ſet, that *this* more bright may riſe:
His *ſudden Fall* was ne're well underſtood,
He ſets, at leaſt in *Clouds*, if not in *Blood*.
What *Brutal Joy* thro' all the *Wild* was ſhown,
When next his *Brother Lyon* fill'd the Throne!
The Beaſts get *drunk* to wiſh their Lord ſucceſs,
What *reeling Loyalty* did they expreſs!
Than *Reſtauration Triumphs* only leſs.
Whilſt the *Wiſe few* walk unobſerved by,
To ſome lone Covert haſt, and *ſteal* a ſigh.
For they too well their Prince's *Genius* knew,
Or lov'd the *Old* too well to wiſh a *New*:
They knew his Inclinations harſh and *curſt*,
As one had been by old *Lyciſca* nurſt;
That with his *Milk* he ſuckt inveterate hate,
And Malice deep againſt the *Sylvan State*;
Enough they thought to *bear*, too much to *wiſh* their Fate.
Not ſo the giddy thoughtleſs multitude,
Whoſe Joy's all *muddy* like themſelves and *rude*:
Thus *Jove* was bleſt by every grateful *Frog*,
When o're the *Fens* King *Stork* ſucceeds King *Log*:
Their deep hoarſe Notes they to his Honour raiſe,
And croak loud hollow Anthems in his Praiſe.
Thus the *New King* of *Ardens* ancient Grove
Is Crown'd, with all the Forreſts *Fear* or *Love*:
The *Muſes Birds* themſelves, which ſeldom fail
To build near Thrones, loud ſung their — *Cæſar, Hail!*
The Brooks of diſtant *Cam* and *Iſis* vye,
Which moſt ſhall pleaſe him with their Harmony.

Who

Who with a ſurly pride the officious kindneſs *bore*,
All was his due and they cou'd give no more,
'Tis true, nor we his memory wou'd wrong,
None but the Wolves cou'd pleaſe him with a ſong,
Who flockt from old *Jerne's ſacred* Soil,
And in full heards aſſault our trembling Iſle;
From *Graves*, and half *torn Carcaſſes* they fled,
From lone Church-yards among the mangled dead.
Here a young Whelp comes ore, and there appears
Some *hoary Murderer* of fifty years,
Of thoſe who erſt *Jerne's* Plains orepour'd,
Husbands, and Wives, and Maids, and helpleſs Babes devour'd,
And long before *alone* he fill'd the place
The King had a *ſtrange love* for all their Race:
A *Sympathy* ſo violent and ſtrong,
That ſhou'd we not his ſpotleſs *Mother* wrong,
Who knew no *ſhame* becauſe ſhe knew no *ſin*,
We'd think his *Sire* of wild Sir *Iſgrims* kin,
The very ſame the *howl*, the very ſame the *grin*.
With theſe, when young, he'd always hunt and ſport,
With theſe, when old, he fill'd his *Royal Court*;
Ragged they came, with loud complaints and moans,
No Coat to hide their Fleſh, no Fleſh to hide their Bones,
Tho' ſoon they *Battend* here, for not a *place*
But now is fill'd with ſome of *Wolviſh* race;
How ſleek their Coat, how plump their ſide, how full their (Face.

This all the other *Beaſts* unkindly bore,
Keep in their *Dens*, and fill the *Court* no more;
Yet not ſo high as ſince were their reſentments flown,
Becauſe their *Liberty* was ſtill their own;

Their Rights, by antient *Forest-Laws* secur'd
Which had from immemorial *times* endur'd
In mounds as firm as *Soveraign Power* immur'd:
All yet injoy'd their own, by none oppreſt,
Each in his *native Den* could ſafely reſt.
Tho' this *laſt bleſſing* muſt not long remain,
And every freeborn Subject's doom'd to wear the Chain:
The manner thus —— the Court its Toyls had ſet,
And taken a young vigorous *Lyonet*;
(To their late Soveraign born, who did *compreſs*
In *Forreign wilds* a lovely Leopardeſs.)
So like the Royal Race, ſo goodly grown,
What Prince wou'd bluſh ſo fair a Son to own?
Hopes of a Crown, and t'was a glorious *prize*
Had ſeiz'd too *ſoon* on his unwary Eyes;
Nor longer Forreign Courts he'll now endure,
But ſowſes down on the deceitful *Lure*,
And landing on the fatal Weſtern Coaſt,
Was by his *falſe Jackal* betray'd and loſt.

And now the uſeleſs Vizard is caſt by
Which was before ſeen thro' with half an Eye,
The *Panther* ſhows his *Face*, the Court begins
To dare the Day, and boaſt unbluſhing Sins:
What can a fairer happier juncture be
Than a *Rebellion* cruſht to hatch a *Tyranny*?
Leaſt Rebel *Sheep* ſhou'd harmleſs *Wolves* ſurprize,
Or the young *Lyon from the Dead ſhon'd riſe*;
A ſtanding Army muſt the Groves ſecure
Of Bears, and Boars, and Wolves, a Heard impure.

Now

Now they the old *Grand Forrest-Charter* seize,
And *Liberties* are only what they please:
Those are *kind Thieves* who half your Gold restore,
You can't but thank 'em that they take no more.
Some Beasts, 'tis true, when *tamed* were freed again,
But none beyond their *Circle and their Chain:*
All were, without exceptions, *teddered* down,
Tho' some had larger *Plats* to graze upon:
A *Peace* indeed proclaim'd with show of Grace,
Tho' 'twas alone t' oblige the *Wolvish* Race.
The publick quiet can't too high be priz'd;
These *snarling Mastives* must be sacrific'd.
Those *Shepherds* who their Folds wou'd not betray,
From *Sheep and Folds* at once were dragg'd away;
Their Folds to Thieves, their Flocks to Wolves, a prey,
In Dens and Darkness to expect their doom,
And *Goats and Swine* exalted in their room.

This was to much, yet this they suffer'd too,
And now indeed they little else cou'd do;
Tho' they beyond a *Camels patience* bore,
The *Passive Beasts* must still prepare for more.
Must they pretend to *feel* whose sence was gon,
Among their other *Rights*, who now must still bear on?
They *laid on load* as fast as at the first,
Nor must they *kick* it off altho' they *burst*.
Nor wou'd one Age suffice for their disgrace,
The *Slave* must be *entail'd* on all their Race.
This *Fate* denys, but *Fate* in vain says nay,
And Heaven, as well as Earth, the *Lyon* must obey.

Tho' hateful Age came haſtning on amain,
And what Promiſcuous Loves had miſt to drain,
Lickt the laſt drops of moiſture from each ſhrivling Vein,
Yet did he not of the ſucceſs deſpair,
And rather than have none, wou'd make ſome Wolf his *Heir*.
Bleſt Heir, foretold by every dreaming Fowl,
The long-liv'd Crow, and Sage Prophetick Owl,
Who, e'er his Birth, deſcribed each matchleſs Grace,
And knew each Line in his Majeſtick Face.
The Lyoneſs conſents, a *Whelp* is found,
Who all their moſt Luxuriant Wiſhes crown'd.
'Twas ſafely to the Royal Den convey'd,
And with vain Vows, ſhe crys,——*Lucina aid!*
Miraculous Birth! No Grief nor Pangs ſucceed,
By *Proxy* ſure, a Lyoneſs may breed.
So *ſound*, ſo *firm*, ſo *like* the Royal Race,
The World might *ſpell* his Father in his Face.

VVhen the *laſt Stake*, e'en *hope* it ſelf was gone,
He muſt be a double Brute that ſtill bears on.
The Forreſt ſent repeated Envoys o'er,
And preſt for ſuccour at the *Belgic* ſhoar,
VVhere they the bold *Naſſovian* Lyon find,
Made for the Saviour of the *Sylvan* kind.
From *Britain* he deduced his noble ſtem,
Only not neareſt to the Diadem.
Rich in well-purchas'd Fame, and high Renown,
Fit for, below, and yet above a Crown:
He left his ſweet repoſe, and calm receſs,
And ſighing left his lovely Lyoneſs.
Indues his Hide, dreadful with many a Scar,
And many an *Honeſt* Mark, of many a Glorious War,
When erſt with *Gallic* Wolves almoſt oppreſt,
Whole Groves of Spears were broke againſt his ample Breaſt,

He

He ſhook 'em off, and with a furious bound,
Leapt o'er the Toils, and ſcatter'd Fate around.
Thus went he to glad *Albions* cluſter'd Shoar,
And with himſelf wafted Salvation o'er.
The Forreſt trembled at his Kingly roar,
Whilſt all the Coward Wolves ——
Whom ev'n his Name did of their prey prevent,
With blood-ſhot Eyes glared backward as they went.
They ſpared his Arms, with fear already dead,
Swift fled the amazed King, his Guards before him fled.

So when the cheerful Harbinger of day,
Claps his bright Wings, and warns the Shades away.
The Birds obſcene, flie from the ghaſtful Light,
And howling guilty Ghoſts ſink back to Conſcious Night.

The *Royal Signs*, in haſty flight thrown by,
Scepter and Crown, the Marks of Majeſty,
A full Convention of the Forreſt meet,
And offer at their great Deliverer's Feet.
This never was with greater Merit worn,
Nor *that*, with ſteddier Juſtice ever born.
He lends 'em Light, nor does from theirs receive,
They *borrow* better Glorys than they *give*.

But ſhou'd high *Heaven* it ſelf a King provide,
And drop him down from *Jove's* Illuſtrious ſide,
Palladian-Form, all wou'd not like him well,
And ſome wou'd rather wiſh him ſent from *Hell*.
Like theſe, a Diſcontented, Murm'ring Crowd,
VVho dared not their Reſentments ſnarl aloud:

Nay

Nay, joyn'd at first ith' general Applause,
To him who had retriev'd their Forrest Laws,
And pacify'd their Tails, and lickt their Frothy Jaws,
Yet steal from Court, in Coverts to complain:
They were indeed, unworthy such a Reign.
The Hound, the Ass, the Badger, Goat, and Swine,
These gladly did the unlucky Monkey joyn,
And some yet left o'th' Ancient Wolfish Line.

The *Hound*, produc'd, 'tis thought, from mingled strains,
He had *Isgrims* Blood, at least in half his Veins.
With him had oft, from some lone Vale, or Wood,
By early Morn return'd, his Muzzle dipt in Blood.
A Dog with Dogs, a Wolf with Wolves wou'd be,
Never before o'th' weakest side was he,
Well verst in all the Tricks of Currish Flattery:
Oft welcome to the Mastiffs splendid board,
And while they flourish'd, treated like a Lord.
But when the Lyon frown'd, and they declin'd,
With all the howling Herd against 'em joyn'd.
Oft he at Court wou'd humbly begging stand,
As oft advanc'd to Ladys Lap and Hand.
Nay, t' has by some, been in loud Whispers said,
He staid not there, but crept into their Bed.
Unnatural Crime! ——Tho' I'd believe as soon,
That the fair Sex shou'd doat on a *Babboon*;
Tho 'scaped from many a Branch, his Fate holds fast,
He has still an itching to be *Hang'd* at last.
Next him, and not unlike, the *Badger* came,
So near their Form, their Species thought the same.
His Fangs unmerciful, so curst his spite,
They never fail to meet, where e'er they bite,

The

The Soveraign gags him, when he can't assuage
His madness——This the Cause of all his Rage.
The *Swine*, foul Epicure; whose all desire,
To feast on Grains, and roll on Beds of Mire.
The only Beast intemperate Draughts disgrace,
Degenerate from the sober Brutal Race,
And justly angry he to 've lost the sport
Of former Reigns——There's now no *Mud* at Court,
Levees and Couchees pass without the Swines resort.

For the same reason did the *Goat* forbear,
To afford, as once, his Savory Presence there:
By *Pan*, and all his Kindred Gods, he swore,
He'd never serve *a Prince that wou'd not Whore.*

Nor did the *Monkey* his Confederates fail,
Tho' he in old Adventures, lost his Tail;
Since, tho' in other Reigns, a useful Fool,
The Court's too busie now to play the Fool.

But how, i'th' Name of Dullness, came't to pass,
They to their Party won the plodding *Ass?*
Neither for Council, nor for Action made,
So bold, he's even of his own Ears afraid;
Grave Soul-less thing, to Slavery inur'd,
He fears his Back shou'd be from *Loads* secur'd,
Brays at the Court, because no Burden's there,
And thinks the sweetest thing on Earth's to *bear.*
A Cave there was, far in the wildest waste,
It's Mouth with luckless *Ivy* round embrac'd.

Which

Which Fame reports, no Mortal Foot invades,
But *restless* Sprights, and *discontented* Shades, ——
Or, drawn by Dragons thro' the mirksome Air,
Canida foul, to keep her *Sabboths* there;
With many a secret Charms, forbidden sound,
Calling the shackled Dæmons from the ground,
By fearful Traveller shunn'd, who near it trace,
Loud Shrieks, and hollow Groans oft ecchoing from the place,
Yet meet these discontented Murmurers there,
The fittest Court for Mischief and Despair.
Grinding their Teeth, they here consult in vain,
How the old Lyon might his Throne regain,
And fill the Court again with all his Wolvish Train.
Clearly foreseen by th' Sage *Prophetick Ass*,
Expecting what will never come to pass.

Here, while the rest discourse their grand concern,
The *Monkey*'s sent abroad some News to learn,
Where both we'll leave ——
And, Ah! That it were such as these *alone*,
Did the new Soveraigns happy Sway disown!
O Grief! O Shame! That others won't come in!
Only *Mistaken Loyalty* their Sin.
They pay the *Belgian Lyon* just esteem,
And own the Forrest, owe their *Lives* to him;
Wish they cou'd give him more, and yet be *true*,
But their *Allegiance* think to their old Soveraign due.

Of these some *Mastiffs* were, who whilom stood
Ready for their dear Flocks to loose their Blood.

For

For these undaunted Bravery had shown,
To save *their* Liberties they lost their *own.*
With these a *Generous Steed* in Friendship ty'd,
For the *same Cause* in fiercest Battle try'd,
From the *new Sovereign* the *same Fears* divide.
How did the *Wolfish Crew* rejoyce the while,
And spite of their Misfortunes *grin'd a Smile.*
Mistaken Malice thus it self to please,
Tho none so *near*, yet none so *far* from *these*;
They wisht the Old Lion back, *he* pray'd to *Jove*
So great a *Curse* from *Albion* to remove.
The Chrystal Streams that drench the thirsty Land,
(Miraculous Streams, they flow'd at *Pan*'s Command)
Ungrate they scorn'd, and gazing from the Brink,
Or *troubling* with their Feet, refus'd to drink:
He, like the thirsty *Hart*, compell'd to go
From Horns and Hounds, and *winged Deaths* below,
To some old hoary Mountain, vast and high,
Whose Shoulders, *Atlas*-like, support the Sky;
Looks from the Brim, whose distant Prospect yields
Fair Brooks, Sweet Groves, *safe* ever-smiling Fields,
Looks down with *longing Eyes*, views all around,
But ah! the Leap's too large, he cannot reach the ground.
They leave the Light, in secret Caves to vent
Their Rancor deep, and festring discontent,
He open Walks, his Vertue his Defence,
What need of Coverts where is Innocence?
Argu'd, discours'd to gain his doubtful Mind
That Satisfaction yet it could not find;
The greatest Favourites of the *new Sovereign*'s Court,
To him not seldom gladly did resort

Who fain would give what he so much did need,
They the *Young Lion* lov'd, yet lov'd the *Steed*.
Of these an aged *Hart* for Worth preferr'd,
Who sixty Summers now had rul'd the Herd.
Aged and Wise, than him none better knew,
Where the sharp *Dittany*, and *Jove's* own *Moly* grew;
Against bleak *Storms* and Rain, the surest *Fence*,
Where *Serpents* lurk, and how to drive 'em thence.
A pleasant Vale there was, with Woods embrac'd,
With purling Streams, and Riv'lets interlac'd,
Where oft sweet *Zephyr* to his *Chloris* brings
Panchean Odours on his Balmy Wings:
Not far from Cows, where wont the Steed to pass
His thoughtful hours, revolving on the Grass,
Him here he meets-----
Neither unwelcom, nor perhaps unsent,
And press with Kindness and with Argument;
(For rarely Reason's Darts successless prove,
When edg'd with *Friendship*, & when wing'd with *Love*.)
He entertain'd him with a chearful Face,
And did his Offer willingly embrace:
By a small *Hillock* with thick Osiers crown'd
They couch'd 'em soft upon the verdant Ground;
Near a fair Brook, which gently murmuring ran,
Where soon the kind *Adviser* thus began.

THE

THE
Anti-Weesils.

PART II.

SO may great *Neptune* ever grant increase
Of happy Years, and long unenvy'd Peace,
So kind *Apollo* your lost *Health* restore,
And hardly love his own *wing'd Courser* more;
As I design your Happiness; as you
Believe my kind Intentions just and true.
But say, by all our ancient Friendship, say
So long what makes you from the *Pallace* stray?
Why never yet did you at *Court* appear?
And why this close retirement holds you here?

Nor ſullen Malice is't, nor vain Deſire
Of Rich *Caparisons*, or mounting higher,
Has kept me thence, replies the generous *Steed*,
Nor this I *have*, nor thoſe I *ask* or *need* :
Let the proud *Mule* on golden Trappings doat,
Embroidered deep to hide his ragged Coat ;
Theſe Plains afford enough, and when they're gon,
Worſt hap that may, the *Common's* ſtill my own :
Bnt to be free, and tell you in a Word,
Allegiance to my laſt unhappy Lord
Still chains me here, and holds my Captive Mind
Stronger than Links of Adamant can bind ;
That *Gordion Knot* I now almoſt deſpair
My ſelf to *unty*, and leſs to *break* it dare,
Tho either ſoon would make me free as Air.
If that be all, rejoyn'd the *Hart*, you're free,
Truſt your own Eyes, unleſs amiſs they ſee,
You are long ſince at perfect Liberty.
Thoſe fatal Links whereof you thus complain,
Are only an Imaginary Chain :
Did not th' *Old Lion* with enraged Claws
Rend *that* at once, and all the *Foreſt Laws* ?
Level'd each Fence, and every ancient Hold,
And *Gariſon'd* with Wolves each trembling Fold ;
The faithful *Maſtives* too were dragg'd away
From their lov'd *Folds* at once, and chearful *Day*,
And in the *Royal Dungeon* Fetter'd lay.
And worſe than all, curſt *Iſgrim's* Whelp deſign'd,
Poſterity as well as us to blind,
To fill the *Throne*, and Lord it o're the Sylvian kind.

Was

Was ever *stupid Goodness* more abus'd,
So much we *gave*, he thought we'd nothing have *refus'd*.
Of such Success may ne're such Masters fail,
As he who sent the *Dog to fetch his Tail*.

Of Love repeat the Story, quoth the *Steed*,
The courteous *Hart* consenting, did proceed.

A *Yeoman* once near *Arden* was possess'd
Of three fair Farms, *and liv'd upon the best*;
In all his Vertues list, (not over-large)
Too much *good Nature* ne're was laid t' his charge;
His Servants he'd forgive, when first he'd *bang'd* 'em,
And pardon all Offenders, when he had *hang'd* 'em.
A *Dog* he had, with dreadful Teeth and Paws,
Who right or wrong would fight his Masters Cause;
True *Spaniel Breed*, did those that beat him *love*;
He was a right *old Dog* at Stick or Glove;
To run, to *fetch and carry*, or seek out,
To swim or dive, or range the Fields about;
Nimble as ever Juglers *Dog* was seen,
And would as fast come *o're for King and Queen*:
Besides an House-dog true---- Heavens! how he'd roar,
If Friend or Foe came near his Masters *Door*?
The more ungrateful he such Faith t' abuse,
So tame, so true a *Slave*, so ill to use.
It chanc'd as on a day they went abroad,
His *Master* met some Friends upon the *Road*.
Or *Friends* they were, or such at least they seem,
Tho more 'tis thought, they lov'd his *Flocks* than him;
For this the *Dog* they hate, whose watchful Cry
At midnight oft reveal'd when *Theeves* were nigh,

And

And ask his *Master* why the Cur he'd keep,
For nothing fit but *worrying* harmless Sheep.
Friends, your mistaken Guess, says he, is lost;
Then his *good Qualities* begins to boast:
The chief, that he might *kick him* like a Ball,
Yet durst he not refuse his Beck or Call;
To a revengeful *Snap* did ne're incline,
His worst Resentments were a gentle *whine*.
But I'll convince you all beyond dispute
My Power and his Subjection's *absolute*.
His *Hanger* drawn, he with a grisly Wound
Cuts off his Tail, and throws it on the ground;
Then, thinking *Spaniel-Love* would still prevail,
He gives the Word---*There* Fray, *go fetch thy Tail!*
Anger, and Pain, and Shame at once Surprize,
The wounded *Cur*, he rolls his bloody Eyes,
And scarce forbears, but at their Throats he flies.
How're no more with such a Lord will stay,
But at the next *Cross-road* runs quite away.
Now let his Master walk from *France* to *Spain*,
He'll never such a Spaniel find again;
Who if he e're returns from whence he fled;
Will give 'em leave after his *Tail* to send his *Head*.
The *sober Steed* kept Countenance a while,
But at the Stories end *indulg'd* a Smile;
Then answer'd thus---The Moral I confess
Is but too plain for any one to guess,
As clear our Patience has *too far* been try'd,
And what vvas felt, in vain would be deny'd;

That

That *Right or Wrong* no longer were observd,
Nor *Property*, nor *Oaths*, nor *Laws* preserv'd:
That the *Old Lion* by his *Wolves* misled,
Resolv'd on all our Liberties to tread;
Resolv'd our Spacious *Forest* to enslave,
And *took* those Charters which he never *gave*.
But is not *here* Obedience more Divine?
If he has broke his Oaths, must I break mine?
No need, return'd the *Hart*, 'tis *loos'd* before,
The Chain's unlink'd, and holds you now no more.
He has *his End* unty'd, and sets you free,
VVou'd you be won to use your Liberty?
Nor with such *airy Chains* your Conscience bind
And drag an useless Load of *Links* behind.
I by your Judgment might perhaps abide
Did any *Forest Law* the Case decide,
But this I ne're could see, the *Steed* reply'd.
To this the *Hart*--- Tho such there once might be,
Expect not now those *Sacred Rolls* to see,
Destroy'd long since by *wolfish Policy*.
Yet Footsteps of a *Contract* still remain,
Nor sure are our *Consents yet askt* in vain,
The first glad day of each new Sovereigns Reign:
And Contracts fastned with a mutual Oath
Have mutual Bands, whoe-re *breaks one breaks both*.
If his *Condition* bee-nt therein declar'd,
'Tis so invidious, it might well be spar'd;
But Reason wills it should be still imply'd,
As 'tis betwixt the Bridegroom and his Bride.

VVhat

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VVhat *Reason* dictates none can disapprove?
The Laws of Reason are the Laws of *Jove*,
VVho gave the Kingly Lion Sovereign Sway,
Obliging all the *Forest* to *obey*;
For what but all the furry Nations Good,
Not that he still should revel in their Spoils and Blood.
Their dear-bought Prey by Force and Rapine seize,
And by his *Lawless Lust* do what he please,
For our Defence, and not Destruction sent:
Protection is the end of *Government*,
The Reason why o're *many*, *one* prevails;
And when that Ground-work sinks, the Superstructure (fails.
Better the *General* than his *Army* fall,
Tho *more* than *one* he be, he's less than *All*.

All this I grant, might *Reason* be the Rule;
But here, alas! we leave her *humble School*.
The *Steed* rejoyn'd---- *Pan*'s Followers must aspire
To something vastly more sublime and higher.
Tho Reason Light in *common walks* supply,
'Tis sometimes Reason Reason to deny.
I'd Sacrifice my self at *Pan*'s Commands,
And who can *strike* when he has ty'd their Hands?

That Pan has free'd 'em now, the *Hart* rejoyn'd,
And who dares *knit* what he'll himself *unbind*?
From *Pan* at first, 'tis true, all *Power* did rise,
Laws are the measures of its *Exercise*;
These our Obedience must *direct* alone,
These bid submit to him that fill the *Throne*.
But these strange Doctrins sure, reply'd the *Steed*,
VVill *hallow Villany* if it succeed.

Falſe *Robbers* and *Uſurpers* will defend,
Nay ev'n the *Titans* too, ſhou'd they attend,
And *Jove*'s own *Diadem* from his ſhoulders rend.
High Heav'ns *Decree* nought of *Injuſtice* knows,
And what it does not *will*, it may *diſpoſe*,
Replys the Hart-- But tho' we cannot ſee
Into the *Councils* of the Deity,
By the *Event* at leaſt they're underſtood,
Guided by that great *Law*, the *Publick Good*.
To that Aſylum *Robbers* cannot fly,
We juſtly them *reſiſt*, they juſtly die;
As juſtly we *Uſurpers* may diſown,
Till ſettled by *Conſent*, by *Law* ſecur'd i'th' Throne.
Thoſe *Sacred Beaſts* no other Title knew,
Who all the World to their Obedience drew.
They *Rul'd* at firſt, becauſe they *overcame*,
And willing Nations *yielded* to the ſame;
What ſettled elſe the *Goat*, the *Bear*, the *Ram*?
What all the four, whoſe ſway was ſtretcht ſo wide,
And every *Kingdom* in the Earth beſide?
But thanks to *Jove*, our caſe is much more fair,
The *vacant Throne* is fill'd by the *immediate Heir*,
Who to th' *young Lion* yields the better ſhare.
To all the *Forreſt* who ſuch Love had ſhown,
Such *Valour* for *her Title* and *his own*,
Such *Mercy* as muſt melt and conquer quite,
All but a *Devil* or a *Jacobite*.
Who clear'd the *Wolves* from *Brittains* peſter'd Shore,
We hear 'em howl their *Veſpers* here no more;
Whoſe *Whelps* did all our Sacred Groves profane,
Nor ſpar'd the Temples of immortal *Pan*.
Strong Arguments for the *young Lion* move
Honour, Religion, Gratitude and Love.
Return'd the Steed, the chiefeſt I muſt own
Our *Altars* had long ſince been *overthrown*,
Had he not propt 'em. But ſince you began,
This once yet more I'll mention *mighty Pan*,

Who will his *Pow'r*, who will his *Priests* believe,
Or to their *Oracles* just Reverence give;
If as the *Wind* their *Conscience* changes so,
If *hot* and *cold* with the same *Breath* they blow,
If thus their *practice* give their *words* the Lie,
If *Oaths* they take, and *Oaths* again deny?
Ev'n Pan himself we *hardly* cou'd defend
If we all *change* should rashly discommend
The Hart rejoins, tho' thro' *false Lights* we see,
And think *he changes* when 'tis only *we*:
Thus shou'd his Followers act, the way he has shown,
Tho' after all 'tis no disgrace to own
Immortal is *immutable* alone.
That *Change* we may's by all the World confest,
The question's only whether *'tis for th' best*?
And here 'tis plain, for shou'd we still teach on
Allegiance due when the *old Soveraign*'s gone;
No Hope, no Remedy, but all must bear
Such Miseries as drive 'em to *despair*;
Nay e'en *refuse Salvation* when it came,
And press all this in *Pans adored Name*;
How soon wou'd then the Irreligious Crew
Conclude what was not *Good* could ne're be *true*,
And laugh aloud at once at *Pan and you*?
Revenge shou'd rather to the *Fiends* be given,
For *Mercy* is the *Darling Name* of Heav'n;
Let's then despise the *Rabble*'s rude complaints,
There wou'd be *Atheists* tho' all *Priests* were *Saints*.

One heavy *prejudice*, the *Steed* rejoin'd
Hangs with *dead weight* on my *emerging* mind.
I know not how to think this Doctrine true,
To me it looks so *singular* and *new*;
Was't ever in the Forrest taught before?
Show me but that, and I desire no more.
Then that you're ours I now no longer fear,
Replies the Hart -- See what you ask is here!

With

With that unfolds a Scroul, whose Date did show
It had been Writ at least Five Reigns ago.
When first the Royal *Caledonian* Line
Forsook cold *Albany*, and pass't the *Tyne*,
In Concourse of the Furry Race decreed,
And by concurring Suffrages agreed,
Whence what he urg'd did plainly taught appear
Beyond Objections evident and clear.
I yield, I yield, the chearful Steed reply'd
And am henceforth of yours and Reasons side.
This Hour I'll to the Court--- be you my Guide.
Gladly he the wisht Office did embrace,
For now indeed 'twas time to leave the place.
Since the fair Rising Moon bright Silver Beams
Began to Gild the softly curling Streams;
The Bear around his shining Stake did rome,
And lengthning Shadows becken'd Shepherds Home.

End of the Second Part.

PART

PART III.

WHen Fame to Court did these Glad-tydings bear,
'Tis quickly guess't if they were welcom there.
Welcom as the two Friends, who closing their Debate,
Enter'd at once the Royal Palace gate;
The Soveraign saw, and nearer bid proceed,
Then stretcht his Scepter to the Convert Steed,
And bids his willing Officers restore
Those seemly Honours he enjoy'd before;
The while the News the tattling Goddess bore
In her swift flight to that unhappy place
Where met the Fav'rites of the Wolvish Race.
Where a free vent was to their Poyson given,
They Curst, they Bann'd, they Rail'd at Earth and Heaven.
But who can tell the rest--- sure none can tell,
Unless they knew the wild Despair of Hell.
When this was added, by the *Monkey* found,
As *Fame* was busie to divulge it round,
Who mingling Truth with Lies, as 'tis her wont,
Beyond what was indeed inlarg'd the account
And told --- (Ah that in this she had been true!)
The Generous *Mastives* were converted too.
Scarce was the rage of the *Rebellious Crew*
More black, more deep, more hideous or ferine
When late they heard the *Wonders of the Boyne:*
When Troops of *Wolves* upon the distant side
Did the *young Lions* Kingly wrath abide.

When

When all the *Elements*, at once he stood,
And pass'd thro' Streams of Sweat, and Fire, and Blood,
Whilst the discolour'd Waves, a ghastly throng
Bodies and Shields, and Helms promiscuous roull'd along:
He wins the *Bank*, amidst their *Troops* he flies,
Shoots Thunder from his *Arms*, and Lightning from his *Eyes*;
They run, they fall, their well-known Bogs they find,
And leave long faint departing yells behind.
Scarce *then* more heartily than *now* they curst,
What help? the *poisonous Creatures* else must burst.
They throw their ghastly flaming *Eye balls* round,
And gnash their teeth, and lash their sides, and tare the ground.
But most the *Hound* his Enmity exprest,
If possible, more *mad* than all the rest;
From his wide Jaws, with fury doubly red,
He threw the *poisonous Foam*, and thus he sed.

And has he basely then thus left i'th' lurch,
Our poor *distressed persecuted Church*,
So small, so thin, so scorn'd by Beasts and Men,
Shut up within the *corner of a Den*?
What Vengeance merits such a foul disgrace?
Speak all ye *Grandees of the Wolvish Race!*
Ah! could I but my youthful *Fangs* regain,
When warmth and fury flow'd in every vein,
When like a *Shaft* I flew across the Plain,
And *worry'd* every *Sheep* that durst but stray
Beyond *their* bounds out of the *Wolf*'s High-way,
Nor wou'd their *Soveraigns Royal Will* obey.
Like *Æsons Age*, cou'd mine renew again,
I'd quickly leave this melancholy *Den*,
And venture all my *Teeth* against his *Pen*
For not content *alone* t'Apostatize
Others to damn for company, he trys.
But since I've nought but *will*, say which of you
Will with more *Strength* the Noble game pursue?
Which will abate his Confidence and Pride?
Up starts the unlucky *Ape*, and thus reply'd,

By *open War* t'attempt him were but vain,
Perhaps disgrace and shame wou'd only gain
Some cunning *Stratagems* more likely sound,
And I've the *very* way this moment found.
Some pretty *Picture* wou'd the business do,
His *Name* beneath expos'd to publick view,
To which shall some *Street-Rymer* lend a Line or two.
Think but how pleasant such a *sight* appears;
A *Weesels* Trunk to a *Horses* Crest and Ears.

I with this monstrous sight about will go,
And be my self the *Zany* to the show:
For I have *Merry-Andrews* tricks good store,
And will for this invent a thousand more.
A brutal *Hum* ran round the horrid *Cave*,
And *Acclamations* to the project gave,
Like that some *Fury* from the *Dæmons* wins,
When she her *hateful* Voy'ge to Earth begins.
Nor stay'd the *Ape*, but from the *Cave* did run,
And soon his worshipful design begun,
Which to a Miracle he did atchieve,
For 'tis a *subtler Beast* than you'd believe;
Witty and wild, well verst in female Arts,
And is, to say the truth, a *Brute of parts*:
Will show a thousand merry Tricks together,
Will bound i'th' Air as light as Cork or Feather,
Will vault or dance, or tumble, chuse you whether;
With his *Rare Show* he wanders up and down,
By Pence apiece picks up full many a Crown,
Amusing each poor silly Country Clown:
Perswading them where er'e the sight was shown,
'Twas a strange Beast was lately come to Town.
Thus far'd the vulgar, but the wiser few,
Who saw the *signs of Wolvish Craft* all thro',
Cou'd not but praise the *Piece who er'e* it made,
And own he was the *Master of his Trade*.

A witty Thief, more cunning than his Fellows,
Who, if 'twere possible would scape the Gallows,
But none admired the Inventer's lucky Vein,
Like those *suspected of Sir* Isgrim's *Strain.*
They cluster round in Troops, they laugh, they grin,
Where e're the uncouth Monster's to be seen.
The *Steeds* true Friends with different passions gaz'd,
Some griev'd, some smiled, these angry, those amaz'd;
Some speedily took care to let him know
That 'twas the *unlucky Monkey* dreſt him so.
Unmov'd he stands, the unequal War disowns,
Nor deigns a single stroke to crush his Bones.

The End.

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